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JACK JOHNSON'S MOST IMPORTANT FIGHTS.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, March 31, 1878, and began his fighting career in his native town about ten years ago. At that time the Galveston Athletic Club, of which Leo Posner was the moving spirit, gave boxing shows in which Charles Brooks, a masseur and teacher of boxing in a boxing academy in Galveston, was the principal feature. He took on any comer and usually knocked out his opponents in the third round. One day Johnson presented himself and expressed his willingness to fight Brooks for a consideration. Posner accepted him and when the night of the fight came, Johnson surprised everybody by knocking out Brooks in the second round.

After that first of his ring battles Johnson did not want for fights. He cleaned up the best of the darkies in the black belt, among his early victories being a knockout of Horace Miles in three rounds. Then George Lawlor, an Irish giant, who fought under the ring name of Jim McCormick, accepted a challenge. Johnson defeated him in ten rounds and twice again beat him, both times in seven rounds. In between his fights with McCormick, Johnson defeated Jack Lee.

His next victory of some consequence was over a burly negro known as "Klondyke," who came to Galveston from Philadelphia and was defeated by Johnson after a grueling battle of twenty rounds. Johnson was still a raw novice when he fought his first really big battle, with Joe Choynski. The latter was at the height of his skill and Johnson was no match for him in science. In the third round Johnson was knocked out and lost the fight. It was the first and only time that he was thus disposed of by one of his opponents. This defeat proved of great benefit to Johnson, however. He and Choynski were arrested after the fight and put in jail, where they whiled away the time boxing. In those days Johnson learned a great deal from his skillful teacher.

The second fighting year of his career, 1902, was a big one for Johnson. He was the principal in sixteen contests, not losing one and having four draws. In that year he met Jack Jeffries, a brother of Jim, and knocked him out after playing with him for

four rounds. One of Johnson's hardest fights was with George Gardiner, the middleweight champion of New England. He defeated Gardiner easily and thereby added greatly to his reputation as a fighter. After that battle Johnson defeated Fred Russell and Denver Ed Martin and finally the negro Sam McVey, whom he defeated on points in twenty rounds.

The following day Johnson issued a challenge to Jim Jeffries, asserting he was the champion's logical opponent. Jeffries evaded him, however, saying that he had drawn the color line after meeting Hank Griffin in 1901.

Johnson won all of his battles in 1903, beating the rugged McVey twice on points. On April 22, 1904, he met McVey and knocked him out in the twentieth round. He also won from Frank Childs of Chicago in six rounds. In March, 1905, he fought Marvin Hart at San Francisco and although he made a punching bag of Hart for twenty rounds, the decision was given for Hart. In the same year Johnson fought a number of other battles, never defeated and losing but one fight, the one against Joe Jeanette, on a foul. The list of his opponents in that year included Jim Jeffries, Black Bill, Walter Johnson, Jack Monroe, Sandy Ferguson, Joe Jeanette and Young Peter Jackson.

The only man who made any showing against Johnson in the following year was Joe Jeanette, with whom he fought several battles, without scoring a knockout. Those who saw these fights, however, clearly felt that Johnson was master of the situation at all times and could have easily finished with a knockout had he wished to do so. In April, 1906, Johnson defeated Sam Langford at Chelsea, Mass., which showed his class, as Langford was and still is considered one of the most dangerous opponents in the ring.

In the following year, 1907, Johnson went to Australia and there met J. Lang, whom he knocked out in the ninth round. In July of the same year he fought Bob Fitzsimmons at Philadelphia and knocked him out in the second round. In November, 1907, he fought eleven rounds with Jim Flynn at San Francisco and knocked out his opponent. Johnson's victories over Tommy Burns in December, 1908, at Sydney, N. S. W., and Stanley Ketchel

at Colma, Cal., October 16, 1909, are still fresh in the minds of the ring followers. He defeated Burns on points in fourteen rounds and put Ketchel to sleep in the twelfth round. His fight with Ketchel was the last of Johnson's ring battles before the championship contest with Jeffries was agreed upon.

J. J. JEFFRIES' MOST IMPORTANT FIGHTS

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with William T. Brady as his manager. June 9 of that year, 1899, saw him in the ring at Coney Island, facing Robert Fitzsimmons, champion of the world. In the eleventh round Jeffries got in his knockout blow and the championship was his.

Contrary to precedent, the new champion did not rest long on his laurels. Although he did not fight again that summer, November found him matched with "Sailor" Sharkey again. The fight lasted twenty-five rounds and was won by Jeffries.

On April 6, 1900, Jeffries found easy money in Jack Finnegan at Detroit. He knocked him out in the first round. The champion's next big battle was with Jim Corbett at Coney Island. Corbett lasted twenty-three rounds, but was finally knocked out. Then Jeffries returned to California. He had three fights the next year. He won from Hank Griffin at Los Angeles in four rounds and a week later knocked out Joe Kennedy in two. In November he fought Gus Ruhlin in San Francisco and finished him in five rounds. His next big fight was July 25, 1902, when he fought a return match with Bob Fitzsimmons and knocked him out after eight severely contested rounds. In August of the following year he fought Jim Corbett again at San Francisco and knocked him out in ten rounds. His last fight previous to the present was in August, 1904, when he knocked out Jack Monroe in the second round at San Francisco.

NOTES OF SPORT.

The automobile to be given the champion batter of 1910 looks better every day to "Nap" Lajoie.

First Baseman George Stovall was appointed captain of the Cleveland team recently.

"Red" Kelly, former captain of the Notre Dame team, has joined the Chicago White Sox.

Catcher Gibson of the Pirates wears the smallest mitt of any backstop in the major leagues.

Four scouts are now touring the country looking over the minor league talent for the Washington club.

Jack Taylor, the old Chicago pitcher, has sued the Kansas City club for \$190 which he claims is due him from last season.

It took the strong Tigers to put a crimp in Russell Ford's pitching record, but the Highlander is one swell pitcher at that.

Milwaukee and Louisville, both strong teams last year, are having a hard time trying to find their way in the American Association race this season.

Manager McGraw of the Giants recently closed a deal with the Dallas club for Third Baseman Gowdy and Pitcher Shontz. The boys will report to New York at the close of the Texas League season.

Cincinnati recently sold Spade to the St. Louis Americans for the first verse of "The Old Oaken Bucket." And only last season the Chicago Nationals offered Ed Reulbach or \$5,000 for the ex-Red.

Lave Cross is managing and playing third base for the Charlotte, N. C., team.

The St. Louis Cardinals have not been so successful on the road as they were at home.

The Calgary, Alberta, team has been showing the way this season in the Western Canada league.

Tom Tuckey, the former Boston Dove, is pitching winning ball for the Waterbury Connecticut League team.

Engle and Kleinow, the ex-Highlanders, are doing good work with the Boston Red Sox, while Wolter, formerly of the Red Sox, is a bear with the Highlanders.

The Hero of Pond Point

A Disappointment at a Fourth of July Celebration

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"Hi, Jared!" called First Selectman Foster. "Found the grave yet?"

"Reckon I have," replied the sexton "Ann Bassett says it's the grave of Theron Bassett."

After a century of somnolence the town of Pond Point awoke to the realization that its name was not written large on the page of the nation's history. Indeed, it did not appear at all. Other towns and villages in the state boasted of bullet scarred edifices, historical taverns and many dwellings wherein had slumbered the immortal Washington or the beloved Lafayette.

It had remained for Dr. Liscom to unearth or at least to disclose the identity of a real hero of the Revolutionary war. In his genealogical researches the good doctor had come across the mention of one Theron Bassett of Pond Point, who had enlisted and afterward died fighting on the 27th of August, 1776, in the battle of Long Island.

Notwithstanding the fact that Theron Bassett had appeared to be the only patriotic soul among the hundreds that had populated Pond Point in those early days, with commendable ardor Pond Point decided upon a celebration upon the following Fourth of July. This celebration was to come as a thunderclap upon the neighboring towns, which had openly jeered at Pond Point in days gone by.

There was to be a grand parade and speechmaking on the green where the churches formed a triangle. There was to be an oration at the grave delivered by the first selectman himself, followed by the sounding of "taps" over the resting place of the neglected hero. Then there was to be a picnic in the grove, with free ice cream and gorgeous fireworks in the evening. Other towns and villages would come and see and envy.

At last the honor of Pond Point was to be vindicated. Dr. Liscom had a cousin who knew a man who was a reporter on a New York paper. This reporter was enjoying his annual vacation, but he had reluctantly consented to appear. Had he known what was in store for him he might have accepted the assignment with more grace.

The eventful morning dawned warm and muggy, with the promise of intense heat later on.

"This is a proud day for Pond Point," remarked Dr. Liscom as he prepared to enter the carriage drawn up at the sidewalk.

"The greatest day ever," responded the first selectman, puffing nervously at his huge cigar. "We've been waiting a long time, doctor, but today we'll show some of those other fellows what Pond Point can do. They say there's a big crowd from Leetown and Scatterbrook up at the green now." He panted into a seat beside the doctor and fumbled at the roll of manuscript in his pocket.

In the carriages were three clergymen of varying doctrines; the Enright brothers, lawyers and men of standing in the community; a superannuated senator who was a relative of the Enrights and the orator of the day; the committee on celebration, and, lastly, the reporter from New York, who sat dejectedly beside Hiram James of the Pond Point Clarion, rather bored at the whole proceeding.

Up the long street, around the corner by the postoffice and up the incline to the village green, where the schoolhouse and three churches stood in neighborly proximity. Here they paused and formed a semicircle about the platform which had been erected.

Dr. Liscom arose and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—This is a proud day for Pond Point! For the first time in her history she is able to stand side by side with her patriotic sister towns and to enthusiastically commemorate the Declaration of our Independence and to honor the memory of one who fought and died for that liberty and who, through a strange oversight, has been too long permitted to rest in an unknown grave."

Jared Wilson wheeled a small cannon into position, and the minister lifted his long, white hand and bowed his head, and there was silence while he prayed.

First Selectman Jefferson Foster came forward when the prayer was ended. His round red face was redder than usual, and when he removed his stiff hat beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He took the roll of manuscript from his pocket and surveyed the company with a wavering eye. When his glance met the slightly contemptuous smile of the reporter from New York he started violently and unrolled his papers nervously.

The first selectman was suffering painfully from stage fright. He looked at the opening lines of his carefully prepared speech and then concentrated his gaze upon a solitary vehicle wending its way slowly up the dusty road.

"Friends and fellow countrymen," began the selectman in a husky growl. "This is a great occasion—a great occasion," he repeated, confidently evading a sly gleam in the reporter's eye, "for which we are indebted to our esteemed townsman, Dr. Liscom." Jefferson Foster's eye wandered again and encountered the grinning reporter's face. "A hero is sleeping in our midst. Today we are to honor the bravery and daring of our esteemed citizen Theron Bassett, killed on the field of duty. A year hence we hope to erect a suitable monument to his memory."

There was a rustle of excitement on the outskirts of the crowd where the vehicle that had crawled up the dusty road had halted. A woman's voice, rising high above the tumult, angry and expostulating, interrupted the selectman's speech. "I tell you I'm going up front! This thing has got to be stopped!"

A murmur of indignation followed the speaker as she pushed her way through the crowd and finally emerged into the open space about the grave. She was a tall, rawboned woman, with strongly marked features and iron gray hair drawn tightly back from her forehead.

"What do you mean by this disturbance, madam?" asked Dr. Liscom severely.

"My name's Bassett," she replied, with a little clicking movement of her teeth.

The reporter took a notebook from his pocket and reflectively sharpened a pencil.

"Bassett!" repeated the doctor affably. "Then I am sure you are a relative of the hero whose dust lies under this mound. We would have included you among our honored guests had we known there was a living descendant of Theron Bassett, who?"

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted the woman rudely.

The reporter scribbled busily in his notebook. The first selectman's mouth hardened.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Dr. Liscom patiently.

"I mean that I just heard this morning that you Pond Point folks were going to hold a celebration over this grave, and I came over here from my home in Leetown to stop these sacrilegious proceedings!" She looked triumphantly about her, while the people gasped. Leetown was a mine of historic wealth; Washington's headquarters, noted taverns where he had slept, birthplace of a hundred heroes—Leetown had more than its share of honor.

"What do you mean by 'sacrilegious'?" There was utter silence as Dr. Liscom asked this question.

"I'll tell you, sir! Theron Bassett was my ancestor—he wasn't anything but a drummer boy, anyway, and he deserted from the army before the battle of Long Island! He lived to be ninety years old, and he died from sunstroke. He's buried over to Leetown, and they're holding some kind of a powwow over his grave this very minute, I do believe!" She snorted contemptuously as she faced the dismayed throng.

"We were misinformed, then," cried the first selectman, glaring angrily at Dr. Liscom, who in turn fixed an accusing eye upon the discomfited Enrights.

The reporter chuckled gleefully as he scribbled, and for a few minutes there was no sound save the sharp breathing of the committee and the rustle of turning pages. Jefferson Foster wondered helplessly what the scribe might be jotting down against his future peace and dignity.

"Yes, you are misinformed," returned the woman sarcastically. "This grave," indicating the decorated mound with a sweep of her mittened hand, "does not contain the dust of any of my ancestors, though it is the grave of a HERO! This first grave with the weeping willow on the stone is Great-grandmother Bassett's, the next is great-grandfather's, and this one under the wall, which you have made so gay and this gentleman has been declaiming over—this is the grave of HERO, great-grandfather's favorite dog. The old man thought a sight of him, and when the dog died he buried him here under the wall, and nobody knew anything about it. He always said Hero was as good a Christian as lots of folks he knew!"

She went amid a dead silence, and it was not until the dust from her carriage wheels had settled again that a faint chuckle from the visitors broke the constraint. Dr. Liscom covered the situation with a few words spoken with a twinkling eye.

"Pond Point seems fated to play a passive part in the history of her country. So be it! Let us be content to be good citizens, heroes in our humble way, and perhaps we may so conduct ourselves in time of national distress our descendants may honor our memories even as we would honor the memory of some great man! In the meantime I move that we adjourn to the picnic grove!"

Amid loud applause the gathering made its way to the grove, while the reporter replaced his notebook in his pocket and thanked the doctor for the privilege of attending such an interesting occasion, and the good doctor and other members of the committee swallowed hard when they saw the alert young man sprinting up the road to catch the noon train, for they knew that the honor of Pond Point was at the mercy of his pencil.

In the churchyard Jared Wilson surveyed the decorated mound in silence. Once he put forth his hand to tear the flags and flowers from their place, but he drew back.

"If he was a good dog the flags won't hurt him any," he muttered as he followed the committee to the picnic grove.

That fall when Jefferson Foster failed to secure the nomination for representative from his district he laid the entire blame upon the hero of Pond Point.

JOHNSON WINS IN FIFTEENTH ROUND

to short ribs. Just before the bell Jeff sent light left hand to head. Even at end of round 3.

Fourth Round.

Johnson sends left to head, Jeff sends three hard rights to stomach. Johnson puts left to head. Johnson's nose bleeding. Jeff clenches. Johnson sends left to head, took one in return. Clinch again. Johnson took three jabs to stomach. Crowd went wild at Jeff's showing. Jeff's round.

Fifth Round.

They sparred. Johnson kids Jeff in clinches. Jeff rushes in at left left short ribs, clinched. Johnson sent long left to stomach, no damage. Clinch. Jack worked left uppercut to jaw. Jim's mouth slightly cut. Jeff landed two lefts to face. Clinched again. Johnson worked uppercut to face of Johnson, and appeared very cautious, and played the defensive. Jeff sent a straight left to mouth and nose, increasing the flow of claret. Clinched at bell.

Sixth Round.

Johnson sent three left jabs to face. Johnson sent one to Jeff's face. Jeff's face cut under eye. Johnson landed left on chest. Jim sent terrific left to Johnson's right eye. Almost completely closed. Jeff bleeding at nose.

Seventh Round.

Both of wiry Jeff's eyes seem to be bothering him. They clinched, and Jim sent a light left to ribs. Jim's nose is bleeding freely. Jim sent left to face; clinched. Jack uppercut right to chin. Jeff sent hard left to chin. Jack sends two hard lefts to face. Hurt the bad eye again. Johnson's round.

Eighth Round.

Rushed and clinched. Jack hooked to ear with left. Jack sends two light rights to head. Jeff pounds Jack's stomach. Clinch. Jack sent left to stomach. Jack is holding in clinches. Johnson landed left to head. Clinched at bell.

Ninth Round.

Jeff forced Jack around the ring. Johnson laughing to friends outside ropes. Jeff landed two hard rights to stomach. Johnson backs away. Clinch. Johnson took hard right to ribs. Jeff sends hard right to body. Clinched. Jeff's round.

Tenth Round.

Jack prodded Jeff's nose with his left, and repeated it twice. Jim sent left to ribs. Jeff sent a left to stomach. Johnson sent a left to stomach. Jack took two jolts to jaw. Jack avoided right by a clinch, and turned and winked at crowd. Johnson's round by a shade.

Eleventh Round.

Jack lands hard left to jaw; Johnson sent right to head and several hard ones on stomach. Jim smiled. Johnson sent Jim's hand back twice with right uppercuts. Jim bleeding badly at nose and mouth. Jack hooked left to chin. Jeff sent hard left to jaw. Johnson's by a shade.

Twelfth Round.

Jeff's right eye almost closed. Johnson sent three rights to head. Uppercuts to mouth with right. Hooked eye with left uppercut to mouth and head. Johnson sent hard left to eye. Jeff bleeding badly. Taking considerable punishment. Johnson's round.

Thirteenth Round.

Johnson sent three lefts to face. Repeated a moment later. Then sent left uppercut to jaw. Hooked ear with right. Jeffries wobbly. His face is covered with blood. He can hardly see. They were fiddling at the bell. Johnson's round.

Fourteenth Round.

Jim comes up weakly and receives a light left in face. Jack prods nose with left and blood flowed afresh. Johnson sent right to head. Johnson smiled and sent right hook to ear, jabbed face three times. Johnson's round.

Fifteenth Round.

They came to clinch. Johnson sent left to face. Johnson jabs nose with left five times. A series of right and left on the jaw put Jeffries out E fight.

Raided Gambling House.

Galveston, Texas, July 1.—Two Texas rangers raided a room Thursday night on the second floor of the Turf saloon, at 2210 Market street, and placed six men under arrest, charging them at police headquarters with gambling. Later warrants were sworn out charging J. J. Norton, said to be proprietor of the Turf saloon, and Jack Shields with exhibiting a gambling table.